

The Gleaner

Official Organ of the
STUDENT BODY

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Volume I.

Number 2

JANUARY, 1912

National Farm School

The Gleaner

Vol. I. National Farm School. January, 1912 No. 8

Literæ.

Lawrence W. Crohn, Editor.

Literature is a charm that can be relished by all—the rich and the poor; the strong and the weak. Its powers of fascination strike the poorest soul and edify. It solemnizes joy and brings happiness in times of sorrow. Literature makes light the heart, and it opens the mind into the boundless ocean of knowledge, of experience, of feeling, of intellect. Literature is an illumination; it paints, it pictures life in all its details. It is a life-mirror—it reflects, it reviews for us the blessings and courses of existence. Happy is the man who reads, he is prince of a realm impregnable.

FATE.

Lewis L. Redalia, '15.

She had refused me. I walked home through the drizzling rain, cursing my luck. I could not live

without her. That settled everything. I'd commit suicide, and, beautiful lady, she would know it was her fault. The family—my people—were away. I was in the house alone. I grinned sardonically as I thought of my plan of revenge. I sat down and wrote her a letter—told her when she read it I would be gone—dead, a victim to her charms and illuminating gas. I took this to the post office and with a last, fond kiss, sent it on its awful mission.

Then I entered a telephone booth and called up the "Intelligent," a daily paper.

"Say! I've got a scoop!" I yelled. "Young man found dead in bed with picture held to his heart. Gas. Yep—Gas! G-A-S. Shut up, operator! Girl is Bella Spouter, belle of Doyelsburg. What? Sure! Found some verses addressed to her on table signed L. C. What? Oh, yes. Arthur Thompson. Thompson (you boob)! Call to-

morrow? All right! B'-bye."

I laughed wildly. The deed was done. Tomorrow she would know. Revenge was sweet. I went home, copied some verses from an old book, and arranged myself artistically, photo in hand, on the bed. Then I got up. I had forgotten to the all-important thing—to turn on the gas. I opened the jet, closed the windows, and with a devilish laugh, sniffed the tainted air, as I lay me down to sleep—no—to die. I was tired, and it was late—in a moment I knew nothing.

I awoke and strained my ears for the roaring of the blast furnaces, but heard no sound whatever. A loud, rancorous voice yelled "M-i-il-l-k!"

Horrors! I was still alive. I got up and frenziedly smelt the gas jet. Not a whiff! I rushed down into the cellar. A horrible suspicion smote me. Why hadn't I put a quarter in the meter the night before. The flow of gas had stopped three minutes after I took to bed!

It was early—but the paper was under the door. I opened it in nervous haste. Ye gods and little fishes! On the second page was an account of the whole affair, with pictures of me, Bella, her family, my family, our cat, their dog, our house, their barn, all, all in every detail. With a curse I ran up to the medicine chest—poison was my only chance! There were only two bottles on the shelves. I examined them hurriedly—a banging

on the front door started and I heard the rush of many feet. One was a bottle of paregoric. I threw it aside with a snarl—oh! The others was marked with a skull and cross bones—wood alcohol! I laughed with joy. The pounding at the door redoubled and I heard the noise of splintering wood.

"Come on!" I yelled. "You will find me in my dying agonies. I quaffed the bottle deep—drank it all—all—not a drop remained. A sudden pain shot through my body. I laughed with joy. Then I looked at the other side of the bottle. It was marked quite plainly "Castor Oil."

(End).

THE REASON.

Ferry, heavyweight, was chosen Doctor's assistant, to restore the equilibrium in Doc's buggy.

Mrs. Nightingale (to class)—"What draws us closer together than does nature?"

Wise Little Freshie—"A corset."

Sobol—"I've been reading 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' "

Smookler—"You have? What did he die of?"

Mrs. N.—"Weigle, stop copying from your neighbor!"

Weigle—"Oh, I have a copyright."

The Gleaner

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in the interest of the
National Farm School.

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Editorial Comment

EDW. G. SCHLESINGER,
Editor-in-Chief.

“Ring out the old,
Ring in the new!”

The baby Nineteen-Twelve is here; all in a white bib and tucker, and Santa Claus has filled stockings with gifts; hearts with joy, and has gathered his reins and driven away. Farm School woke up to find in her old work-sock a new “Official Organ.” We truly appreciate the honor of being one of the mouthpieces in this mighty instrument—but space costs, now that the paper is being printed, and we leave our feelings of boundless gratitude to the imagination of our subscribers.

The old “Gazette” staff is gone. Let us say “nothing but good about the dead.” They fought against difficulties innumerable. They were more truly pioneers than a Utah colony. They blazed the way for what we trust will be a brighter and more prosperous era. Will it? It is our duty to turn out a good, readable copy; but, primarily, it is to you, readers and contributors, that we must look for the success of this paper. The ‘sinews of war’ are still largely lacking. Do your utmost to help fill our covers with “ads.” and our coffers with coin.

To date we have never been crowded from our office by a superabundance of material. You who can write should surely find time and inspiration these winter months to spin a clever yarn or turn out a snappy article on a subject of living interest to you, be it agriculture, world politics or something in a lighter and more humorous vein.

You unliterary majority, collect the funny sayings and doings of your classmates and “profs” in school and on the fields, offer suggestions, write to your acquaintances for advertisements and subscriptions, and we shall issue an “Official Organ” which will be a pride to you and the Institution.

It might be well to sketch in a few brief lines the prospective policy of the “Gleaner.” The paper was organized solely to meet the needs and conditions at the National Farm School, and on this principle it shall be conducted. We welcome outside criticism and advice. We hope to learn much from contemporary school papers and magazines, but we cannot model

ourselves on the plan of any one of these unless in so doing we attain our ideal—for Farm School.

Over and above all, this must be a "live wire." A printed sheet, labored and produced at the expenditure of valuable time, which does not touch the fibre of student life and thrill it into action for better things, is a meaningless mass of matter, a dead weight and a burden on all concerned.

The "Gleaner" is your standard bearer, to lead the banner of the green and gold aloft into new fields of activity and enterprise, with laughter or with song. But you must follow close. On you it relies for the impetus of a mighty mass. Aid it with the best that is in you, and it will carry your colors to a grand success.

PHONOGRAPHS.

Phonographs of the Victrola type have been so perfected that they may be said to be almost perfect. We must confess with bitter tears of mortification that music in the school is at a very "low pitch," with little prospects for the future.

The simple stringed instrument of the savage has power to draw spiders from their webs, to hush the roar of the preying lion. How much more intensely should it influence our highly developed human organisms.

We all appreciate good music. We all need good music. An ex-

cellent machine can be purchased for an institution at a trifling cost. Let the student body reflect over this matter and in the February number we shall venture something more specific.

GARDEZ VOUS.

(with apologies to all poetic natures).

When the sweet maid softly whispers,

Her voice thrills you, through and through,
Casts down her eyes, and gently sighs

And draws close, close to you
Gardez Vous.

Her cheeks so fair, so tempting bright,

As a rose kissed by the dew.
Your soul enslaved, your heart inflamed

Sure the world holds something new.

Gardez Vous.

The lights are low, the hours tick by,

Papa's away. You wonder "why?"

And then she says, "You know, my dear,"

"Tis Nineteen-Twelve at last.
leap year!"

Steer clear!

(M. F. & E. G. S.—1913).

Rosenberg—"Some one told me the Yankees are descendants of the Jews."

Prof. Bishop—"Um-hum! Probably from Adam."

Tales and Tattle

A. Witkin, Editor.

CLASS NOTES—1912.

Six more weeks and the seven members of the Senior Class enter the battlefield of life. Fully realizing the problems ahead, they are staying up nights in preparation for the agricultural struggle. The senior banquet is near at hand, and arrangements for class-night are well under way.

B. L. PACKER,
Correspondent.

1913.

O ye Juniors! One more month, and we are Seniors. Few in number, we should be twice as dignified. Think! One more year and we put our shoulders to the wheel and face the world. No more loafing, but hard work, so wake up!

HARRY WEISS,
Correspondent.

1914.

Thought we were asleep, didn't you? Guess again! Only preparing to celebrate our 10-0 victory over the Freshmen, that's all.

Our banquet was truly an Homeric affair. Charley Meyers, the jolly Dutchman, at Castle Val-

ley Inn, was our host, and he sure did himself and the class "proud."

The first man to gauge properly a Farm School appetite, he truly met it more than half way. The table actually shouted under the weight of good "eats." Mr. Young kindly lent us his team and person for the trip, and the entire class was present, even some old "quittuates" from the city traveling out to join in the fun. Lawrence Washington Crohn was guest of honor, rather forcibly procured, from the 1915 bunch. His efforts, mainly vocal, were beyond criticism. "Fairy" presided as toastmaster, and speeches and cider were the order of the evening, with assorted music, in which the Meyers' phonograph joined.

The cider must have been a little hard. But that is another story.

Election of officers for the coming year was held, resulting as follows: President, Amrum; vice president, Levinson; secretary, Wiseman.

The real fun began on the homeward voyage. 'Nuf sed. All have sworn off.

Was there ever another class like the dear old 1914 bunch? Not much!

1915.

The Freshmen Class is looking with anticipation to the coming of March when they can call themselves Sophomores. With that month comes the long-awaited banquet. Class meetings are enlivened of late by little discussions on current events, following regular business. One member introduces a subject which the others discuss.

ALPHA DELTA

FRATERNITY

We are now ten and are progressing. Getting ready for a whopping reception to some "has beens" at our annual banquet, which will be held in February. We wish a happy and successful 1912 to all, and especially hope success will attend the "Gleaner" during the coming year.

Leibig—"The well is frozen."

Parsons—"What well?"

Leibig—"The ink-well at the P. O. See the point?"

Parsons—"What point?"

Leibig—"My pen point. I broke it on the ice."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The glaser sure put a pain (pane) in Rosie's dome.

"Patronize our Advertisers."

ALUMNI NOTES.

OBITUARY. Rubie's Holstein horse passed away quietly last month.

Other papers all remind us,
We can make our own sublime,
If our colleagues always send us,
Contributions all the time.—Ex.

Howard—"Got any Christmas down at your house, Harmon?"

Harmon—"Oh, yes. 'Bout half a gallon."

LEAP YEAR IN THE NURSERY.

"Does 'oo 'luv me, dearie? If 'oo does 'luv me, say so. If 'oo 'luvs me and don't want to say so, squeeze my hand."

"Stop squeezin' my hand!"

"I ain't squeezin' 'oor hand."

"Well, 'oor gone to, ain't 'oo?"

Mike—"Sure, I know what "genus homo" is. Just the same as homogenous. Sure, I was the brightest boy in Newark."

One Round Rosie.—"You know when I was sick they didn't give me any food for two days. I told them if they let me starve to death I'd commit suicide."

Doc. W.—What occurred when Henry was burned at the stake?"

Brilliant Young Chemist—"Henry Oxide."

Agriculture.

Jesse Marcus, Editor.

The summer is gone, snow, icy winds and frost are in her place. In spite of ourselves we experience a sort of longing for her beautiful flowers, the green grass and tender sunshine.

Since Man first set foot on this earth he has been at war with Nature, seeking ever to wrest from her one or more of her precious possessions.

Nature is strong, the human imagination stronger. Once she is conquered, she yields absolutely and forever; a defeat to Man is but a spur to his ambition, which plunges him into the fight, again and again, until that which he seeks is his. A fruit of one these victories is the modern, steam-heated greenhouse. Here, under glass, blooms sweet spring and ardent summer, verdant and charming, the long, white winter through.

Hothouses are such familiar acquaintances of all, whether in the scheme of city streets or on the country landscape, that most of us view them with but passing notice, few indeed with the insight and interest in the details of their management bestowed upon rarer and less common objects.

Yet who can resist the charms of a bouquet of carnations from that same glasshouse, their varie-

gated tints smiling in a setting of green fern leaves and the white spray of steavia—their exquisite forms and delicate odor? Can they be seen in all their beauty without the thought "This is truly God's handiwork, Nature's creation from the rude earth transfigured by the mind of Man, surely a breath of divine inspiration."

But I fear we are leading toward a sermon, whereas our intentions were merely to say a few words on the growing of this favorite American flower.

Carnations are propagated from seed and cuttings, the latter method being the only one employed for commercial purposes. The cuttings are made from non-flowering shoots during January and February. These baby plants are set in specially prepared beds of sand, to remain until they have developed an extensive root system. Until well started they must be shaded from direct sunlight, as a guard against too rapid evaporation.

Next they are potted in rich compost, an operation requiring care in handling and in compacting the soil. After four to six weeks have elapsed, the young plants should be demanding more room to enlarge root and stem, and are transferred from two-inch

to four-inch pots. In a few weeks they are once more repotted, and again several times until ready for the open field.

Ideal soil for the carnation is a well-drained sandy loam, fertile and free of weeds and insects; land which has been deeply stirred and well pulverized with plow, harrow and roller. The young carnations, as much as possible of the original ball of earth from the pot retained their roots, is set 10-12 inches apart in rows 18 inches between the rows.

During the growing season the land should be kept in perfect condition of tilth, and free from all weeds, nor should fertilizer be spared when required. Some plants may show a tendency to flower during this period, but if they are intended for winter stock they should be restrained by cutting back, or a loss of vitality will occur.

In the latter part of September the plants are dug up with care and a spade, disturbing their root system as little as possible, and are removed to the hothouse. Here to receive them should be beds of rich, fresh compost. The carnations are to stand 8x8 inches, and after setting the soil should be moistened and the house somewhat shaded until the plants obtain a foothold. Sufficient ventilation and moisture, fumigation of the houses when insects or fungus diseases promise to do damage, and the maintenance of a steady

temperature are the essentials to producing first-class flowers at the season of greatest demand.

The growing of carnations is a business full of important details, requiring the skill and knowledge of an expert; a delightful art and a profitable occupation.

J. M. & E. G. S.

NEWS OF THE FARMS.

Main Farm, No. 2.

Lake Archer is the centre of attraction. The snow has been cleaned, the lake flooded, ice tongs, ice hooks, ice plows are in readiness. The new structure on its banks is one of the finest ice houses in Bucks Co.

Half the corn fodder is waiting patiently in the field. This surely means cold fingers for some.

Snow prevents the completion of the manure pit.

No. 1.

A very fine trotter has been placed on this farm. It is expected that he will be kept in condition to win first prize at the Agricultural Fair next summer. The poultry flock keeps well up in egg production. Money and Frank, two veterans of the American Revolutionary cavalry, await the day of their separation from the farm.

though it seems that death alone will accomplish their departure.

The buildings on same farm are all in excellent repair.

No. 3.

The herd is in good shape, the milk production comparing favorably with the season. Samuel Brodie, a true follower of Emerson, and a student in Agricultural Observation, has been transferred to this farm. He will add to the appearance of the place

GREENHOUSE.

The distinguishing feature in this Department is its constant work with the ashes of the big boiler. Carnations are being cut in quantity. The house was fumigated, but no cat remained this time to test the effectiveness of the deadly hydrocyanic fumes.

BUCOLIC BUBBLES.

Plowing with dynamite is said to increase the crop. It sure adds to the cost.

To buy a farm, there is no harm, But crops to grow, that you must know.

Some agricultural authorities claim that there are large potash deposits in the U. S. If this be true, Germany will have to seek a market elsewhere, as the American farmer will patronize home industries. Whether this will reduce the price of potash remains to be determined after the truth of the discovery is ascertained.

Today we spray,
The trees will pay.

Prof. Parsons—"What is an acute angle?"

M. Woolwich—"An-er-a-cute angle is an-er-a good looking one."

"A brilliant young man named Karmile,
Attempted to soar for a mile,
So the brilliant young beast
Swallowed ten pounds of yeast,
And he rose in a most different
style."

P. Y.—1915.

Beryl—"Doctor, I have a question for you."

Doc—"Well, what is it?"

Beryl—"How much older is a 'ripe old age' than a 'green old age'?"

Miss Abrams—"James, why don't you take Dr. Murphy's pills?"

Jimmy—"Pills, pills, no more pills. My joints are running on ball-bearings now."

DAFFYDILS.

If Levin had Ra-skin, would Levinson?

If a gorilla is an ape, is Ad-leman?

If Jaffe were Freed, would Tyor and Packer?

If Mink is Rosen-tall, is Pop-o-low?

Capek has been presented with a marriage license, Wolf is taking out a dog license.

Athletics.

James Work, Editor.

It is with a feeling of vast pleasure and pride that I take my pen to do for the "Gleaner" whatsoever may be in my power. And a rejuvenated "Gleaner" it will be, if the student body responds with the same spirit that the members of the staff have shown.

We can do little without the co-operation of the entire school, and especially of the Athletic Association. It will afford us extreme gratification to write of the 1912 victories in both baseball and football.

At the meeting of the A. A., which will be held the last of this month, questions of vital interest to the welfare of the Association will be voted upon. Probably the most important subject which will be put before the members will be the matter of the Executive Committee Constitution. It is every man's duty to give this subject considerable thought before the meeting, and not be influenced by the well-rendered speeches of a few demagogues just before the question is called. Everyone should vote favorably on that Constitu-

tion. It means self-preservation, nothing more, nothing less. The A. A. has degenerated from year to year, and now matters are at such a pitch that nothing less than a radical change in its machinery will assure us the means of turning out teams this year.

Apart from the financial side of the matter, the power which the coming Freshman class will have, through force of numbers, MUST be curtailed. The present class can not be too severely criticised for the way in which they tried to "wield the big stick," and conditions will undoubtedly be worse this year unless changes are made, and big changes.

Some men work, and work hard, to turn out good teams, and to make the A. A. run smoothly, while others have been known to join the Association merely to obtain some "fun," so-called, "yap" at the meetings, and in general retard those who really have the interests of the A. A. at heart. It is a bad system which will allow this. The Executive Committee is the solution to the problem. Do your duty at the meeting! Down with the demagogues!

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FOOTBALL ELECTION.

The annual meeting of the football men was held Thursday evening, Dec. 21, in the Main Building, with Coach Parsons presiding. After a few remarks by Mr. Parsons, the "F's" were presented by Ferreshetian, the following men receiving the coveted 'Varsity letter:

Capt. Lubin, f. b.
 Popolow, r. h.
 Minkowsky, l. h.
 Work, q. b.
 Dessel, r. e.
 Weightman, l. e.
 Friedman, l. t.
 Schlesinger, l. t.
 Amrum, r. t.
 Ferrishetian, r. g., Mgr.
 Harrison, l. g.
 Boehret, r. t.

Nominations were then called for the captaincy of the 1912 team. Work was nominated, but declined. Popolow was then nominated and unanimously elected.

In Popolow we have a man who has shown superior playing in every department of the game, and if his generalship at all compares with his individual work, we certainly have the right leader to turn out a winning team in 1912.

RIFLE CLUB.

A Rifle Club has recently been organized, its numbers augmented chiefly from the Freshman ranks. We wish them every success in this new venture.

It was with a feeling of indignation and regret that we turned to the Athletic Department of last month's issue, and saw a long, ruminating account of a game of no consequence played here Thanksgiving Day, while we could hardly see any account of the Freshman - Sophomore game. "Want of Space" sang the sages high and mighty who destined the affairs of our dear Gazette.

Exchange.

Martin Fereshetian, Editor.

The Exchange department of the "Gleaner" extends a hearty invitation to her sister departments in the scholastic world and hopes that they will aid her in her maiden entrance into their circles with kindness and co-operation.

True, there will be many who will look with a too-exacting eye upon mistakes sure to be found in

any first effort, but it is our hope and ambition that on the "Gleaner's" pages will be found something for all tastes and fancies.

Honest criticism incites us to better efforts, and sparkling humor brightens many dreary moments, so we extend our hands in friendly greeting, and hope that we will be received into your ranks with favor.

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